Susa.h Walker

A Second Set OF SCOTS SONGS

adapted for the

VOICE

and

HARPSICHORD

by Robert Bremner.

The Words by ALLEN RAMSEY

LONDON.

Printed and Sold by R. BREMNER oppoſite Somerſet Houſe in the STRAND where may be had

Scots Songs book firſt - - - 2s. 6d	Scots Reels Vol. firſt - - 5s. 0
Do ——— book third - - - 2. 6	Do ——— Vol. ſecond - - 5. 0
Mr Gibbon's in No each - - - 1. 6	Curious Scots tunes with Vars 2. 6

With all Sorts of Muſic and Muſical Inſtruments &c. &c. &c.

A CATALOGUE of Vocal & Instrumental Music, Printed & Sold by R. BREMNER oppofite Somerfet Houfe Strand, LONDON.

For Concerts.

	S.	d.
Lord Kelly's Six Overtures	15	0
Abel's Six Overtures Op. 1	10	6
——— Op. 4	15	0
——— Op. 7	15	0
——— Op 10	15	
Giardini's Overtures with a Grand Concerto by Martini of Milan	15	0
Martini of Milan 3 French Horn Concertos Op 2	5	0
Martini of Milans 3 grand Solo Concertos Op. 1	10	6
Avisons 12 Concertos Op. 6	21	0
——— Op. 9	21	0
——— 6. Op. 10	10	6
Military Concertos each	2	0
Stamitz's 6 Orchestra Trios	8	0
Cleonice an Opera in 8 Parts	7	6
Sirce D°. D°.	6	0
Leucippo and Zenocrito D.	7	6

Quintettos.

Zanetti Op. 2	10	6

Quartettos.

Abel's Op. 8. for two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello	10	6
Haydn's Op. 1 D°	8	0
——— Op. 2 D°	8	0
Boccherinis Op. 6	10	6
Eichner Op. 4	11	6
Stamitz and others D°	8	0
Avisons 12. Op. 9 D° in two Sets, each	7	6
Schwindl Op. 7. for a Germ[a] Flute Violin Tenor & Bass	8	0
Haydn Op 5. as above	8	0
Toeschi Op. 1. D°	7	6

Periodical Overtures in Eight Parts at 2[s] each or 12[s] the Set

Set First by
Bach N°. 1. P. Ricci N°. 2.
Stamitz N°. 3. Filtz N°. 4.
Crispi N°. 5. Stamitz N°. 6. 12

Set Second by
Stamitz N°. 7. Filtz N°. 8.
Stamitz N°. 9. Canabich N°. 10.
Stamitz N°. 11. Stamitz N°. 12 12

Set Third by
L[d] Kelly N°. 13. Jomelli N°. 14.
Bach N°. 15. Abel N°. 16.
L[d] Kelly N°. 17. Richter N°. 18. 12

Set Fourth by
Pugnani N°. 19. Piccini N°. 20.
Piccini N°. 21. Piccini N°. 22.
Piccini N°. 23. P. Ricci N°. 24. 12

Set Fifth by
L[d] Kelly N°. 25. Herschal N°. 26.
D[r] Arne N°. 27. L[d] Kelly N°. 28.
Holzbaur N°. 29. Filtz N°. 30. 12

Set Sixth by
Guglielmi N°. 31. Goffec N°. 32. 12
D°. 33. 34. 35. 36

Italian Operas.

	S.	d.
La Buona Figliuola Compleat by Piccini. Comic	31	6
The Songs in D°.	12	0
Maritata Piccini D°.	12	0
La Schiava D°.	10	6
Cleonice without the Instrumental parts, Serious	2	6
Sirce D°. D°.	2	0
Leucippo D°. D°.	2	6
Enea e Lavinia D°.	2	6
Ezio in Score D°.	5	0
Berenice D°.	2	6
Demofoonte by Vento D°	5	0
Solimano D°.	2	6
Gli Stravagante Co	5	0
Ulyffice by Vento Ser.	5	0
I Vuaggiatori by Guglielmi Ser	7	6
Ifigenia D°.	2	6
La Moglie Fedele by Aleffandri Co.	5	0
Tigrane Ser.	2	6
Le Donne Vindecate Co.	2	6
Il Re alla Caccia Co.	2	6
Le contadine Bizzare Co	3	0
L'Olimpiade Ser.	6	0
Ezio by Guglielmi Ser.	7	6
Orfeo D°.	10	6
Le Vicendi della sorte Co.	3	0
Gl' Uccillatori D°.	5	0
Le Pazzie d'Orlando D°	10	6
Il Desertore D°.	3	0
Il Carnovali di Vinezia D°.	5	0
Artaserse Serious.	5	0
Sofonesba D°.	3	6
Il Cid by Sacchini D°.	10	6
Tamerlano		

Sacred Muſic.

Compleat Score of La Paffione an Oratorio by Jomelli	21	0
The Pope's Chapel Music during Paffion week	10	6
Pergolese's Salva Regena for 2 Voices	3	0

Vocal Italian.

Giardini's Songs Dedicated to the Dutchefs of Marlborough	10	6
Song in Orfeo. Che Faro	0	6

Violin Trios.

Abel Op. 3	10	6
Zanetto Op. 1	5	0
——— Op. 3	5	0
——— Op 4	5	
Stamitz Orchestra Op. 1	8	0
Pugnani Op. 1	6	0
——— Op. 2	5	0
Pergolese's 12	10	6
Albertinis 6	5	0
Fallis.	5	0
Martini of Milan Op. 1	6	0
Gluck	5	0
Airs and Marches	6	0
Zucarri	5	0
Correllis 12 Op. 7	10	6
Noferis 6 Op. 7	5	0
Agus	7	6
Schwindl Op. 5	6	0
Herschal	6	0
Boccherini Op. 2. with a Violoncello Obligato	6	0
——— Op 4 D°.	6	0
——— Op 9 D°.	7	6
Haydn Op. 4	6	0

Violin Duets.

	S.	d.
Giardini Op. 2	10	6
Barbella	3	0
Chinzer 2 Sets each	3	0
Taffarini Book 3[d]	3	0
Claget	3	0
Mofell	3	0
Stamitz	2	6
Campioni for a Violin and Violoncello	5	0
Airs and Marches	6	0
Schwindl easy Duets	3	0
Benevento Masterly	5	0
Kernil	6	0

Violin Solos.

Giardini Op. 1.	10	6
Pugnani	5	0
Ferrari Op. 1.	6	0
Barbella easy	5	0
Noferi Op. 1.	5	0
Zuccaris Art of Adagio	4	0
Vachons Solos Op. 1.	6	0

German Flute Trios.

Abel Op. 3.	10	6
Nardini	7	6
Astorga	7	6
Spourni	5	0
Airs and Marches	6	0
Campioni's 8 Trios Op. 4.	7	6

Ger. Flute Duets.

Toeschi	4	0
Dottel	3	0
Granom	3	0
Teleman's Canons	1	6
Airs and Marches	6	0

Ger. Flute Solos.

Abel Op. 6.	6	0
Martini easy	3	0
Groneman	5	0
Teffarini's Airs	1	6

For the Ger. F. or Violin.

Delightful Pocket Companion in 12 numbers each	1	6
Maid of the Mill	1	6
Daphne and Amintor	1	0
La Buona Figliuola	1	6
Beggers Opera	1	6
Cunning Man	1	0
Comic Tunes in D°	1	6
Musical Pocket Book	2	0
Airs and Marches	6	0

For the Violoncello.

Chiabrano's & Pantanidas Six easy Solos	5	0
Campionis Duets for a Violin and Violoncello	5	0
Cervetto Junr. Solos	7	6
Duports Solos	10	6
Boccherinis Solos	7	6

For the Harpſichord. With Accompanyments.

Abel Op 2	10	6
——— Op 5	10	6
Schobert Op. 6	5	0
——— Quartettos Op. 7	6	0
——— Sonatas Op. 14	10	6
Piltz	7	6
Giardini Op. 3.	10	6
Guglielmi Op. 1.	10	6
——— Trios Op. 2.	10	6
Avison Op. 7.	10	6
——— Op. 8.	10	6
Mozart Op. 1.	3	6
——— Op. 2.	3	6
——— Op. 3.	10	6
Pellegrino Op. 4.	10	6
Burney N°. 1	5	0
——— N°. 2	5	0
Eichner	5	0
——— Set 2[d]	6	0
Haydn Op. 3.	10	6

For the Harpſichord. Without Accompanyments.

Pasquali's Art of Thoro Bass	7	6
——— Art of Fingering	3	0
Guglielmi Sonatas Op 3.	7	6
Campioni	7	6
Harp[d] Miſcellany Book 1	3	0
D° Book 2 by Alberti Pasquali and Nardini	5	0
Burney	10	6
Pellegrino Op. 5.	5	0
Rush	3	0
Wagenseils Divertimentos	1	6
Sandoni	3	0
Avisons Op. 9 in two Sets each	5	0
Craigs Scots Tunes	4	0
Scots Country Dances	6	0
Boutmonts Cotillions	1	6
Comic Tunes in the Cunning Man	1	6
Agus's Opera Dances	2	0
Collection of Minuets each	0	6
Handels Water Music	0	6
Geminianis fav[r] Minuet	0	6
Haffes D°.	0	6

Opera Overtures.

For the Harpſichord each	0	6
Maid of the Mill		
Guardian Outwitted		
La Buona Figliuola		
Maritan		
La Schiava		
I Viaggiatori		
Le Donne Vindicate		
Sofonisba		
Le Vicende		
Orfeo		
Orlando		
Il Desertore		
Il Carnovali di Vinezia		
Demetrio		
Artaserse		
L'Aſsemblea		
Il Cid		
Il Filosofo		
Tamerlano		

For the Guitar.

	S.	d.
Bremner's Instructions	1	6
Straubes D°.	3	0
Merchis Leſsons & Duets	5	0
——— Divertimentos	5	0
——— Songs Book 1	5	0
——— Songs Book 2	5	0
A Collection of Hymns	5	0
Maid of the Mill	1	6
Daphne and Amintor	1	0
Beggers Opera	1	6
Gentle Shepherd	1	6
Scots Songs	1	6

Vocal Engliſh.

Maid of the Mill	10	6
Daphne and Amintor	4	0
Cunning Man	5	0
Guardian Outwitted	9	0
Pasquali's Dirge to Romeo and Juliet	1	6
Harmoniſts Magazine being a choice Collection of Catches Glees Vol. 1.	12	0
Jacksons Elegies Op. 3.	10	6
——— Songs Op. 4.	10	6
——— Anthem & Ode Op. 5.	7	6
——— Hymns Op. 6.	10	6
——— Songs Op. 7.	10	6
Ode to Fancy Op 8	21	0
Canzonets Op 9	10	6
Theſaurus Muſicus for 1. 2 3 & 4 Voices 2 Books each	5	0
Ranelagh Songs		
Vauxhall Songs		
Marybone Songs		
Free Masons Songs	1	0
Harlequins Invation &c	2	6
Church Tunes in 4 Parts	1	0
——— 2 D°.	0	6
Lock Hymns bound	21	0

Scots Muſic.

Songs Book 1	2	6
Songs Book 2	2	6
M[r] Gibbons Collections for the Violin or G. Flute w[h] a Bass		
Book 1.	1	6
Book 2.	1	6
Book 3	1	6
Book 4	1	6
A Curious collection w[h] Variations for a Violin & Bass	2	6
Craigs Collection Adapted for the Harpsichord	4	0
Reels and Country Dances with a Bass. Vol. 1 Vol. 2	5	0
Caledonian pocket companion Several N° Minuets each	0	6

Treatiſes on Muſic.

Jackson on y[e] Harmony of Sounds	5	0
Tartinis Letter on Bowing	1	0
Dortos Leſsons for Singing	7	6
Pasquali's Art of Thoro Bass	7	6
Art of Fingering	3	0
Bremner's Rudiments	3	6
Inſtructions for all Inſtruments each	1	6

Gallow Sheils.

Ah the poor Shepherd's mournful fate, when doom'd to love and doom'd to languish, to
bear the scornfu' fair one's hate, nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet egar looks and dying sighs, my
secret soul dis-covers, while rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes, reveals how much I love her, the
tender glance the redning cheek, o'er spread with rising blushes, a thousand vari-ous
ways they speak, a thousand vari---ous wishes.

Polwart on the Green

At *Polwart* on the green, if you'll meet me the morn, where Lasses do con=
=veen, to dance about the Thorn. A kindly welcome you shall meet frae her wha likes to
veiw, a Lover and a Lad com--pleat, the Lad and lover you.

Tune, Gallowſhiels.

AH! the poor ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh:
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of Heaven.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do conveen
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad compleat,
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſnaw,
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Among the new mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day,
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhall be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a part of mine.

The Banks of Forth.

YE Sylvan Powers that rule the plain,
Where ſweetly winding *Fortha* glides,
Conduct me to her banks again,
Since there my charming *Mary* bides.
Theſe banks that breathe their vernal ſweets,
Where every ſmiling beauty meets;
Where *Mary*'s charms adorn the plain,
And chear the heart of every ſwain.

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſick chirp aloud,
Alternately we ſung our loves,
And *Fortha*'s fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

Once on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
Where *Forth* ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming *Mary* lull'd aſleep;
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and gently blam'd,
Why, *Damon!* are you not aſham'd?

Ye Sylvan Powers, ye Rural Gods,
To whom we Swains our cares impart,
Reſtore me to theſe bleſt abodes,
And eaſe, oh! eaſe my love-ſick heart:
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When *Mall* and I ſhall part no more,
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

Tune, I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt!

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dimb eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs where chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play;
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away!

The Banks of Forth.

Ye Sylvian Powers that rule the plain, where sweetly winding *Fortha* glides, con=
duct me to her Banks again, since there my charming *Mary* bides. These Banks that breaths their
vernal sweets, where ev - - ry smil - ing beau - - - ty meets, where *Mary's* charms a=
dorn the plain, and chear the heart of ev - - - ry Swain.

I wish my Love were in a Mire

Blest as th'Immortal Gods is he, the Youth who fondly sits by thee, and hears & sees thee
all the while, so softly speak and sweetly smile. 'Twas this deprivd my soul of rest, and raisd such
tumults in my breast, for while I gaz'd in transport tost, my breath was gone my voice was lost.

Dumbarton's Drums.

Dumbartons Drums beats bonny O, when they mind me of my dear *Johny* O, how happy am I, when my Solger is by, while he kiſses and bleſses his *Anny* O. 'Tis a Solger a-lane can de-light me O, for his graceſu' looks do invite me O, while guarded in his Arms, I'll fear no wars alarms, neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me O.

Etrick Banks

On *Etrick Banks* ae Summer's night, at gloming when the Sheep came hame, I met my Laſsie bra' and fight, while wandring throw the miſt her lane. My heart grew light I ran and flang my Arms a-bout her bonny neck, I kiſs'd & clap'd her there ſu' lang, my words they were na mony feck.

Dumbarton's Drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear *Jonny*—O.
How happy am I
When my Soldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie*—O?
'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no wars alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me—O.

My Love is a handſome Laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy—O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a Cadie—O.

A Soldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
He minds no other thing,
But the Ladies or the King!
For every other care is but ſlavery—O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady—O,
Farewell all my friends and my Daddy—O:
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny—O;
They are ſprightly, like my dear *Jonny*—O.
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my Soldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie*—O?

Etrick Banks.

ON *Etrick* banks ae Summer's night,
At gloaming when the Sheep came hame,
I met my laſſy bra' and tight,
While wandring throw the miſt her lane.
My heart grew light, I ran, and flang
My arms about her bonny neck;
I kiſs'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na' mony feck.

I ſaid, my Laſſy, will you go
To *Highland* hills, the Erſh to learn?
And there ye ſhall have cow and yew,
When you come to the brigg of *Earn*.

At *Leith*, auld meal comes in, (ne'er faſh)
An herring at the Broomy law;
Chear up your heart my bonny Laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day, when we ha toil'd enough,
When winter's froſt and ſnaw begin,
And when the ſun goes weſt the *Loch*,
At night when you fa' faſt to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my drons, and play a ſpring:
And thus the dreary night we'll end,
Till tender kids and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair Shepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe ſhepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
Deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, I'll die in his arms.
Oh *Strephon!* the cauſe of my mourning.
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him ſo:
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
That love is the cauſe of mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce clos'd when *Strephon* came by;
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, Oh Heaven's! did he cry,
Ah *Chloris!* the cauſe of my mourning.
Reſtore me, my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs uſe your art.
They ſighing, reply'd, 'twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor *Chloris* with mourning.
Ah then, is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

Here awa, there awa.

HERE awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my *Willie* again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my *Willie*,
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame,
Whate'er betide us, nought ſhall divide us;
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while *Willie*'s at hame.

Love is the cause of my Mourning.

By a murmering ſtream a fair Shepherdeſs lay, be ſo kind O ye Nymphs I oft heard her

ſay, tell *Strephon* I die if he paſſes this way, and Love is the cause of my mourning. False Shepherds that

tell me of beauty and charms, deceive me for *Strephon's* cold heart never warms, yet bring me this

Strephon I'll die in his arms, O *Strephon* the cause of my mourning. But firſt ſaid ſhe let me go

down to the ſhades below, e'er ye let *Strephon* know, that I have lov'd him ſo, then on my pale cheeks no

bluſhes will ſhew, that love is the cause of my mourning.

Here awa there awa.

Here awa there awa here awa *Willie*, here awa there awa here awa hame.

lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee, now I ha'e gotten my *Willie* again.

Sae Merry as we ha'e been.

A Lafs that was leaden'd with care, fat heavely under yon Thorn, I liften'd a while for to
hear, when this fhe began for to mourn. When e'er my dear fhepherd was there, the birds did melodiouſly
fing, and cold nipping winter did wear, a face that reſembled the Spring. Sae merry as we twa ha'e been, fae
merry as we twa hae been, my heart it is like for to break, when I think on the days we hae ſeen.

Waly Waly.

O *Waly Waly* up yon bank, and *Waly Waly* down yon brae, and *Waly* by yon river ſide where
I and my love wont to gae. O *Waly Waly* love is bonny, a little while when it is new. but
when its auld it waxes cauld, and wears awa like morning dew.

Sae Merry as we ha'e been.

ALaſs that was leaden'd with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn,
I liſten'd a while for to hear,
When thus ſhe began for to mourn:
When e'er my dear Shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiouſly ſing,
And cold nipping Winter did wear
A face that reſembled the Spring.
Sae merry as we twa h'ae been;
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we have ſeen.

Our flocks feeding cloſe by his ſide,
He gently preſſing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
My dear, he wou'd oft to me ſay,
What makes you hard-hearted to me;
Oh! why do you thus turn away,
From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my ſight,
Perhaps a Deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the reſt of the folk
Were merrily ſeated to ſpin,
I ſet myſelf under an oak,
And heavily ſighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.

Waly, Waly.

OWaly, waly up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae,
And waly, by yon River's ſide,
Were I and my Love wont to gae:
O waly, waly, Love is bonny,
A little while when it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And wears away, like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree!
But firſt it bow'd and ſine it brake,
And ſae did my fauſe Love to me.
When cockle-ſhells turn ſiller bells,
And muſſels grow on ev'ry tree;
When froſt and ſnaw ſhall warm us a',
Then ſhall my Love prove true to me.

Now *Arthur*'s *ſeat* ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
St. *Anton*'s well ſhall be my drink,
Since my True-love's forſaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency;
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by *Glaſgow* town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My Love was cled in velvet black
And I myſel in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd
That love had been ſae ill to win;
I'd lockt my heart in caſe of gold,
And pin'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee;
And I myſel were dead and gane;
For maid again I'll never be.

My Deary, if thou die.

LOVE never more ſhall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my heart ſhall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth ſuch pleaſure give,
Thy love's ſo true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear the from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With *Cupid*'s raving rage;
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this that, like the morning-ſun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when it's deſtin'd day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſure ſhare;
You who it's faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Reſtore my *Peggy*'s wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from theſe arms:
I'm loſt, if *Peggy* die.

Lochaber.

FArewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony days been;
For *Lochaber*, no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my Dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind.
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the ſhore.

To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd;
By eaſe that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jenny*, maun plead my excuſe.
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And without thy favour, I'd better not be.
I gae then, my Laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
A heart I'll bring thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

My Deary an't thow Die.

Love never more shall give me pain my Fancey's fixt on thee, nor e--ver maid my
heart shall gain my *Peggy* if thou Die. Thy Beauty doth such pleasure give, thy
love so true to me, with--out thee I can never live, my Deary if thou die.

Lochaber.

Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Jean*, where heartsome with thee I have mony days
been for *Lochaber* no more *Lochaber* no more, we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more. These
fears that I shade they are all for my Dear and no for the dangers attending on Weir. thor
bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore may be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Throw the wood Laddie.

O *Sandie* why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn, thy preſence coud eaſe me, when naithing coud
please, me now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the Burn, or throw the wood Laddie, until thou return.

Tho woods now are gay and mornings ſae clear, while Lavrocks are ſinging, and Primroſes ſpringing, yet
none of them please my Eye or my Ear, when throw the wood Laddie, ye dinna appear.

My Nanny O.

While some for pleaſure pawn their health, twixt *Lais* and the *Bagni O*. I'll ſave my ſelf and
without ſtealth, bleſs and careſs my *Nanny O*. She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*, than *Leda* did for
Danae O, were I to paint the Queen of Love, none elſe ſhou'd ſit but *Nanny O*.

Thro' the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me:
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are right, and mornings ſo clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet none of them pleaſe my eye or my ear,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare na to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, I wander myſel.

Then ſtay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

My Nanny-O.

WHILE ſome for pleaſure pawn their health
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth,
Bleſs and careſs my *Nanny O*.
She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*
Then *Leda* did or *Danae O*:
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny O*.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely —O!
I gueſs what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely —O.
Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt *Britannia*,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny—O*.

My bonney, bonney, *Nanny—O*,
My lovely charming *Nanny—O*;
I care not tho' the whole world know
How dearly I love *Nanny—O*.

Young Philander.

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh, and forbad him,
I wou'd na tent his loving ſang,
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him;
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying;
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying;
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be
Like ſummer fruit that is unſhaken.
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five an twenty is the devil.
Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit;
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho' but myſel nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true-lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers,

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my hope, he's gane a ranging.
Dear Maidens, then, take my advice,
And let na coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuiters will give over wooing.

Then Maidens auld you nam'd will be,
And in that fretful rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
With which we cannot be contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

Mary Scot.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn.
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of Heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow?*

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the Gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.

O lovely Maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of *Yarrow.*

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe of *Yarrow.*

Young Philander.

Young *Philander* woo'd me lang, but I was peevish and forbad him, I woud na tent his Loving
lang, but now I wish I wish I had him. Ilk morning when I view my Glass, then I perceive my beauty going,
when the wrinkles seize the face, then we may bid a dieu to wooing. My beauty anes so much admir'd, I
find it fading fast and flying, my Cheeks which coral like appear'd, grow pale the brocken Blood decaying.

Mary Scott.

Happys the love which meets return, when in soft flame souls equal burn, but words are wanting
to discover, the torments of a hopeless Lover. Ye Registers of Heav'n relate, if looking o'er the
Rolls of fate, did you there see me mark'd to marrow, *Mary Scott* the Flower of *Yarrow*.

The Highland Laddie.

The *Lawland Lads* think they are fine, but O they're vain and woundrous gawdy, how
much unlike that graceful main, and manly looks of my *Highland Laddie*.

O my bonny bonny *Highland Laddie*, O my handsome *Highland Laddie*, when I was
ſick and like to die, he row'd me in his highland plaidie.

Buſk ye Buſk ye.

Buſk ye buſk ye my bonny Bride, buſk ye buſk ye my winsome marrow, buſk ye buſk ye my
bonny Bride, and let us to the braes of *Yarrow*. There will we ſport & gather dew, dancing while
Lav'rocks ſing in the morning, there learn frae Turtles to prove true, O *Bell* ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

The Highland Laddie.

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and wondrous gawdy!
How much unlike that graceful mien,
And manly look of my *Highland* Laddie?
O my bonny bonny Highland *Laddie*,
O my handsome Highland *Laddie*,
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland *Plaidy.*

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest *Lawland* Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braveſt beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty-hill with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his *Highland* plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a *Lawland* Laird and Lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad
Behind a buſh in's *Highland* plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs:
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie;
And he ca's me his *Lawland* Laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my *Highland* Laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Buſk ye, Buſk ye.

BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride,
And let us to the braes of *Yarrow*;
There will we ſport and gather dew,
Dancing while lav'rocks ſing i'the morning:
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O *Bell*, ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

To weſtlin breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtylie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny *Bell*,
Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free conſent my fears repel;
I'll with my love and care reward thee;
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk na mair,
Since now my bonny *Bell*'s conſenting.

John Hay's Bonny Laſſie.

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny laſs, that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's nae my bride, my days are nae langer:
Than I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;
May be e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good-morrow:
The ſward of the mead, enamell'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis Heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing;
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye;
For a' my deſire is *Hay's* bonny laſſie.

The bonnieſt Laſs in a' the World.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilia* ſmiles,
Hamilia! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles,
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A bluſh dwells glowing on her cheek,
Fair ſeat of youthful pleaſure;
There *Love* in ſmiling language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads the roſy treaſure.

O faireſt maid, I own thy power;
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh;
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

John Hay's Bonny Lasie.

By smooth winding Tay, a Swain was re-clining, all cry'd he oh hey, mann I still live
pining, my self this a-way and darna dil--cover, to my bonny, Lass that I am her Lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger, if she's not my Bride, my days are nae langer, than
I'll tak a heart, and fry at a venture, may be e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

The Bonniest Lass in a the World.

Look where my dear *Humillia* smiles *Humillia* heav'nly charmer see how with all their
arts and wiles, the loves and graces arm her. A bluth dwells glowing on her cheek, fair seat of
youthful pleasure, there love in smiling language speaks, there spreads the rosey treasures.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

Saw ye nae my *Peggy*, saw ye nae my *Peggy*, saw ye nae my *Peggy*, coming o'er the Lee.

ſure a finer creature, ne'er was form'd by nature, ſo compleat each feature, ſo divine is ſhe.

O how *Peggy* charms me, ev'ry look ſtill warms me, ev'ry thought alarms me, leſt ſhe love not me.

Peggy doth diſcover, nought but charms all over, nature bids me love her, thats a Law to me.

Bonny Jean.

Loves Goddeſs in a myrtle grove ſaid *Cupid* bend thy bow with ſpeed, nor let the ſhaft at

random rove, for *Jeany's* haughty heart muſt bleed. The ſmiling Boy with divine art from

Paphos ſhot an arrow keen, which flew unerring to the heart, and kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

SAW ye nae my *Peggy*,
Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
Coming o'er the lee?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
So compleat each feature,
So divine is ſhe.
O! how *Peggy* charms me!
Ev'ry look ſtill warms me,
Ev'ry thought alarms me,
Leſt ſhe love nae me.
Peggy doth diſcover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her;
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be.
For ſince love inſpires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her abſence tires me,
Nought can pleaſe but ſhe.
When I hope to gain her,
Fate ſeems to detain her;
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll ly down before her,
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Til ſhe pity me.

Bonny Jean.

LOVE's goddeſs in a myrtle grove
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For *Jeany's* haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes *Willy*'s kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surprizing charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhort'ned ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

Roſline Caſtle.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That *Colin* with the morning ray
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay:
Of *Nanny*'s charms the ſhepherd ſung;
The hills and dales with *Nanny* rung,
While *Roſline Caſtle* heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain,

Awake, ſweet muſe! the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms; awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong:
To *Nanny* raiſe the chearful lay;
O! bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng;
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe;
For beauty darts from *Nanny*'s eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O! come, my love! thy *Colin*'s lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine;
O! hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine!

Pinky Houſe.

BY *Pinky Houſe*, oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my *Nelly* ſweetly talk;
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me ever fond behold
Thoſe graces void of art!
Thoſe chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold
In willing chains my heart!

O come, my love! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
By Nature's hand deſign'd;
What beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame.

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my *Nelly*'s charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my love! O come along,
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

Rosline Castle.

Twas in that feason of the Year, when all things gay and fweet appear, that
Colin with the morning ray, a---rose and fung his ru--ral Lay. Of
Nanny's charms the Shepherd fung, the hills and dales with *Nanny* rung, while
Rosline Castle heard the Swain, and ecchoʼd back the chearfull ſtrain.

Pinky House.

By *Pinkie House* oft let me walk, while circled in my Arms. I hear my *Nelly*
ſweetly talk, and gaze oʼer all her Charms. O let me ever fond behold, those
Graces void of Art, those chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold, in will--ing chains my heart.

Alloa House.

The ſpring time re--turns, and cloaths the green plains, and *Alloa* ſhines, more chearful and gay. the *Lark* tunes his throat and the neighbouring Swains, ſing mer-ri--ly round me where ever I ſtray. But *Sandy* no more returns to my vieu, no ſpring time me chears no Muſic can charm He's gone & I fear me for e--ver a-dieu, a-dieu ev'ry pleaſure this Boſom can warm.

Chevy Chase.

God proſper long our no--ble King our lives and ſafties all, a Woefull hunting once there did in *Chevy Chase* be-fal, to drive the Deer with Hound and Horn, *Earl Peircy* took his way, the Child may rue that was unborn, the Hunting of that Day.

Alloa Houſe.

THE ſpring time returns and clothes the green plains;
And *Alloa* ſhines more chearful and gay;
The Lark tunes his throat; and the neighbouring Swains
Sing merrily round me, wherever I ſtray;
But *Sandy* no more returns to my view;
No ſpring time me chears, no muſic can charm;
He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever adieu!
Adieu ev'ry pleaſure this boſom can warm!

Alloa Houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my *Sandy* once ſtrove!
Here *Saudy* I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſtened too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue?

So ſpoke the fair Maid; when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt falt'ring accents ſuppreſt;
For Fate at that moment brought back her dear Swain,
Who heard, and, with rapture, his *Nelly* addreſt,
My *Nelly!* my fair, I come; O my Love,
No Pow'r ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, *Nelly!* no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame;
And will you, my Love! be true? ſhe reply'd.
And live I to meet my fond Shepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that *Sandy* will make me his bride?
O *Nelly!* I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy Swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu! to all ſorrow; what ſoul is ſo blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

Chevy Chace.

GOD proſper long our noble king,
Our lives and ſafeties all,
A woful hunting once there did
In *Chevy-chaſe* befal.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way:
The child may rue that was unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout Earl of *Northumberland*
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummer days to take;
The choiceſt harts of *Chevy-chace*
To kill and bear away.
Theſe tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who ſent Earl *Piercy* preſent word,
He would prevent the ſport.
The Engliſh Earl not fearing him,
Did to the woods reſort,
With twenty hundred bow-men bold,
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The gallant grey-hounds ſwiftly ran,
To chace the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks ſlain.
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouſe them up again.

The bow-men muſter'd on the hill,
Well able to endure;
Their backſides all with ſpecial care,
That day were guarded ſure.
The hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the wood,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo ſhrill did make.

Earl *Piercy* to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promiſed
This day to meet me here:
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay:

Lo yonder doth Lord *Douglas* come,
His men in armour bright:
Full fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
All marching in our ſight;
All pleaſant men of *Teviot-dale*,
Dwell by the river *Tweed*.
Then ceaſe your ſports, Earl *Piercy* ſaid,
And take your bows with ſpeed.

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage to advance;
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horſe-back come,
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter man for man
With him to break a ſpear.

Lord *Douglas* on a milk white ſteed,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhin'd like gold.
Shew me (ſaid he) whoſe men you be,
That hunt ſo boldly here,
That, without my conſent, do chace
And kill my fallow deer.

The firſt man that did anſwer make,
Was noble *Piercy* he,
Who ſaid, We liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe men we be;
Yet we will ſpend our deareſt blood
The choiceſt harts to ſlay.
Then *Douglas* ſwore a ſolemn oath,
And thus in rage did ſay,

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die.
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, ſo am I.

But truſt me, *Piercy*, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of thoſe our hamleſs men;
For they have done no ill:

Let thee and me the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurſt be he, ſaid Earl *Piercy*,
By whom this is denied.
Then ſteps a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington by name;
Who ſaid, He would not have it told
To *Henry*, his King, for ſhame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on.
You be two Earls, ſaid *Witherington*,
And I a Squire alone.
I'll do the beſt that I may do,
While I have power to ſtand;
While I have power to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Scottiſh archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
Full fourſcore Engliſh ſlew.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent.
A captain mov'd with meikle pride;
The ſpears in ſhivers went.

They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.
O but it was a grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
Were ſcatter'd here and there!

At laſt, theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like chieftains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they feard no lord,
And made a cruel fight.
They fought until they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temp'red ſteel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* ſaid;
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhall high advanced be
By *James*, our Scottiſh King.
Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous knight
That ever I did ſee.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Lord *Piercy* then,
Thy proffer I do ſcorn.
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Lord *Douglas* to the heart
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never ſpake more words than theſe,
Fight on my merry men all:
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord *Piercy* ſees me fall.
Then leaving life, Lord *Piercy* took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Lord *Douglas*, for thy life
Would I had loſt my land.

Oh but my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.
A knight among the Scots there was,
Which ſaw Earl *Douglas* die;
Who ſtraight, in wrath, did vow revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy*.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who, with a ſpear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight.
He paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy*'s body then,
He thruſt his hateful ſpear:

With ſuch a vehement force and might,
He did his body gore,
The ſpear ran through the other ſide,
A large cloth yard and more.
So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain.
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
His noble Lord was ſlain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth yard's length,
Unto the head drew he;
Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgomery* then,
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey gooſe-wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.
With the Lord *Piercy* there was ſlain
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff* and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold baron;

Sir *George*, and alſo good Sir *Hugh*,
Both knights of good account;
Good Sir *Ralph Raby* there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.

For *Witherington* I needs muſt wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
He fought ſtill on his ſtumps.
And with Earl *Douglas* there was ſlain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*;
Sir *Charles Murray*, that from the field,
One foot would never fly;

Sir *Charles Murray* of *Ratcliff* too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir *David Lamb* ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be;
And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewiſe
Did with Earl *Douglas* die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears
Went home but fifty-three.

Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen
Scarce fifty-five did flee:
The reſt were ſlain at *Chevy chace*,
Under the green-wood tree.
Next day did many widows come,
Their huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears;
But all could not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were cold as clay.
The news were brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be:
I truſt I have in my realm
Five hundred as good as he.
Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was ſlain in *Chevy-chace*.

O heavy news, King *Henry* ſaid,
England can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more,
Of ſuch account as he.
Now of the reſt of ſmall account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of *Chevy-chace*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the land
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debates
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

Thro' the Wood Laddie

My Nanny O

I wish my Love were in a mire

The bonniest Lass in a the Warld

Highland Laddie

Dumbartons Drums

Love is the cause of my Mourning

Banks of Forth

Polwart on the Green

Aloa Houſe

Lochaber no more

Pinky Houſe

John Hays bonnyLaſſie

Sae merry as we twa hae been

Saw ye nae my Peggy

Bonny Jean

Rofline Caſtle

My Deary a'nt thou Die

BRITISH MUSEUM 17 JAN 71